

Good Morning 360

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Our Greatest Sport— “Last of Corinthians”

W. H. Millier tells Story of Lord Lonsdale

LORD LONSDALE. For the past fifty years and more that name has been synonymous with sport. His death at the age of 87 has recalled many of his spectacular activities, and, wherever sportsmen foregather, tales are being told of this famous sporting peer. To tell his life story in all its details would require a very fat volume, and much of it would put that line of fiction completely in the shade.

All the old familiar headlines could be trotted out—Pillar of Sport, Last of the Corinthians, Grand Old Man of Sport, Link with the Past, and so on—and still you would find it difficult to describe his many attributes in a phrase.

True, he seemed to belong to another age, but, even in the days gone by, it is to be doubted whether anyone ever shone so brilliantly at so many different sports.

To listen to him in reminiscent mood was to be enthralled. He was a good talker, because he knew his subjects inside and out. He had lived every moment of his life and enjoyed it to the full. At one time he was a man of great wealth and had no difficulty in finding the wherewithal to enjoy the most expensive of pursuits, but the point is that he became a notable sportsman long before he came into his inheritance.

Without this, he might not perhaps have been able to indulge his taste for racehorses, hunters, packs of hounds, expensive yachts, and other such costly means of sport, but he would still have been notable as a sportsman. It was in his blood.

SWISS ESCAPEDE.

At the age of 17, when he was with his parents in Switzerland, he had the urge to be up and doing on his own account.

He was passionately fond of horses, and this remained with him throughout his life. It was this that induced him to give his parents the slip in a foreign land.

He cleared off and joined a travelling circus. If anyone thinks that life a bed of roses, let him try it for a time and he will alter his ideas.

At all events, young Hugh Lowther, as he then was, stuck it out for 18 months and earned his living as a bareback trick-rider, and enjoyed it. This served to toughen him for later adventures that were to come.

He was always pretty useful with his fists, and he began to box with anybody who would take him on, including professional fighters, champions with the bare knuckles.

He told me that he liked the game after the first real fight he ever had, which was when he licked a burly butcher's boy, who had been the terror of the juvenile population for miles around.

Nearly all the obituary notices of Lord Lonsdale mention that he knocked out the great John L. Sullivan when he was 22 years of age. This has been referred to many times during the past forty years, and on many occasions I have been asked to furnish details of this encounter.

I have been unable to do so, because, as far as I can discover, the affair was never recorded, and I have failed to find anybody who had the remotest knowledge of the meeting.

Quite a long time ago I had a search made in America in order to do everything possible to get some details, but nothing could be found. The compiler of Sullivan's record has



Lord Lonsdale leading in Royal Lancer, winner of the St. Leger Stakes, 1922

it that the only defeat sustained by America's heavyweight champion was when he lost his title to James J. Corbett, who knocked him out in 21 rounds at New Orleans, and that was at the end of his long career.

Lord Lonsdale was born in 1857, and, to add 22 for the age when he met Sullivan, brings the period to 1879.

In the years 1878-79, according to his record, Sullivan, who had not been out of his native Boston to box, had five bouts, his opponents being Cocky Woods, Dan Dwyer, Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan and Patsy Hogan. In 1880 Sullivan had only two fights, knocking out George Rooks in two rounds and J. Donaldson in ten. He also boxed a three-round exhibition with Joe Gooss, an old opponent of Jem Mace, whom he fought three times.

ARCTIC GOLD.

I can quite well believe that in his younger days Lord Lonsdale was exceptionally good at using his fists. A long line of

only missed feeding his hounds on eight days.

His racing interests absorbed much of his time, but he was not particularly successful as an owner, and won only one classic. This was the St. Leger in 1922, when he had two entries, Diligence and Royal Lancer. Although Diligence was the more strongly fancied, it was Royal Lancer that won.

He was a steward of the Jockey Club for nearly thirty years.

He was not a betting owner, and although it has been said that his limit was a £5 bet, Lord Lonsdale told me that he never put more than half-a-crown on one of his own horses.

He received his lesson very early and he never forgot it. When he was not exactly wealthy his betting losses had placed him in an awkward position, and he promised himself that he would never again plunge in the betting ring.

THE COSTER'S DONKEY.

As a judge of horses he was in great demand. The annual Horse Show at Olympia, if it is to be resumed after the war, will not be quite the same without this outstanding judge in the show ring.

Only once did I see one of his rulings objected to at Olympia, and this was by a pearly-buttoned costermonger, whose beloved moke was not awarded a prize.

"What do you know about donkeys?" asked the disappointed owner with withering sarcasm. Lord Lonsdale made suitable reply and the costermonger lost his temper.

I should not have been surprised if the noble judge had taken off his frock coat and rolled his shirt sleeves to add one more to the notable bouts of fisticuffs witnessed in this arena, but, just in time, Lord Lonsdale realised there were Royalty present, and he merely bundled the furious pearly into his donkey barrow and made him drive off.

As a young man he acted rather hastily in putting a wallop on the chin of a carter, whose vehicle had run over one of his favourite dogs. Learning afterwards that it was not the man's fault, he sent him a present of £5, which he continued sending at Christmas for fifty years.

One of the boxers I knew, when told this story, opened his eyes and said, "Blimey, he can hit me as often as he likes on those terms."

On big-fight nights at the National Sporting Club, of which Lord Lonsdale was president, he used to visit the contestants in their dressing-rooms and wish them luck before the fight.

One of the boxers engaged in his first big contest was so taken by surprise at the entry of Lord Lonsdale into his dressing-room that when spoken to he answered "Thank you very much, Your Worship."

As the boxer's seconds tried to hide their grins, his trainer explained, "It's all right, sir, he thinks he's still in the police court."

Lord Lonsdale has been referred to frequently as the donor of the championship belts bearing his name. This is not strictly correct. Lord Lonsdale gave his name and used to make the presentation from the ring on occasions, but the belts were provided and paid for by the National Sporting Club.

The idea sprang from the fertile brain of Peggy Bettinson. This is not to detract

from Lord Lonsdale's generosity, but, at the period under review, circumstances had changed, and it was not possible for him to be as generous as he had been formerly. At one time extremely wealthy, this great sporting peer of an ancient line impoverished himself by his lavish hospitality.

ANOTHER KAISER CORPSE.

It is sad to reflect that his reduced circumstances were brought about by his friendship for the late Kaiser Wilhelm II. In entertaining the "All-Highest" in the all-highest manner at Lowther Castle, Lord Lonsdale made himself a comparatively poor man.

Countless corpses have been laid at the door of the Kaiser, and maybe there is another that might go to the list.

The impressive figure of Lord Lonsdale was not complete without his scaffold-pole cigar. His cigar was all the more noticeable because he defied convention by smoking it with the band on, just as Bill Jones was wont to do on high days and holidays.

A man I knew, who was frequently in evidence at the National Sporting Club, was intensely interested in these cigars. He was a cigar merchant, and as he had made up his mind to place the name of Lord Lonsdale on his list of distinguished customers, he badly wanted the order.

Before he could quote for this he wanted to make certain of the brand. What could be easier than to find one of the discarded butts and identify it? He discovered that nothing could be more difficult.

He tried tipping the pageboys to bring him one of Lord Lonsdale's butt-ends, but the boys in buttons searched in vain.

Being a Jew, this cigar merchant was not to be put off by this. He would undertake the job himself. It is a wonder that he never fell foul of the police as a suspected pickpocket, so closely did he follow the heels of his quarry.

I found him one night, after a big fight at the club, with all the appearance of a man bordering on collapse. On my solicitously enquiring if I could be of assistance in his distress, he begged me to sit next him for a moment.

"I've had the shock of my life," he said. "What do you think I've just discovered?" I gave it up. "Well, you know that I have been keeping my eyes on Lord Lonsdale for a very long time. I've even missed the best part of many a good contest just because I was watching him so intently. Now I know."

"And what is the great discovery?" I asked.

"What, indeed! Do you know what Lord Lonsdale, the great Lord Lonsdale, does with his cigar toppers? He—I've seen it with my own eyes—he sticks 'em in his pocket and takes 'em home!"

They're getting Green Pastures in Essex

(From J. S. Newcombe)

FOR twenty years there has been in Essex a vast area of land, 350 times as big as London City, covered with a green wilderness of coarse grass, weeds and shrubs. In places you would discover, beneath the green tangle, straight, deep furrows where the land had been ploughed... and unaccountably abandoned.

You might have thought a blight had fallen on the countryside; that men had dropped their implements and fled, leaving Nature to bring these once fertile acres to a sterile desolation.

During the previous war these fields grew food for the people, when the U-boats were sending our cargoes down to the ocean bed. When we returned to "normal" conditions, farmers said it did not pay to cultivate the heavy clay land.

So it was abandoned, almost overnight. And that is the explanation of the green wilderness which covered the deep, straight furrows.

Now corn is growing once again in Essex, right up to the eastern suburbs of London City. The yield per acre is above the national average. It is said that the land will make good pasture in peace-time, and could give London an additional 5,000,000 gallons of fresh milk every year.

But if London wants this milk, she must find money for breaking up the 1,000-acre blocks into small farms, for farm buildings and cottages, for water, fences and roads.

And this redeveloping of Essex is only part of a wider scheme for restoring all of Britain's countryside to a rich agricultural prosperity.

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—But True

A Bear is a Stock Exchange operator who sells for future delivery shares which he does not possess in the hope that he will be able to purchase them before the date of delivery at a lower price. If the Bear is unable to meet his obligations on the day of delivery he is said to be cornered.

Eire is an old legal term still in use in Scotland in connection with the circuit of judges. Judges in eire journeyed from assize to assize for the purpose of holding trials.

The deluge, or flood, is a tradition which lingers in the mythologies of all the ancient nations.

The dolphin has from 80 to 90 small pointed teeth in each jaw.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

USELESS EUSTACE



"—Play the game, Cockington!"

QUIZ for today

1. A bhisti is a polo stick, water carrier, diving bird, Arab pony, Indian priest, poultrie?
2. Who wrote (a) Blood Relations, (b) The Whirlwind?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Exeter, Barnstable, Bideford, Instow, Truro, Ilfracombe, Torquay.
4. What well-known comedian is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society?
5. Of which are there more varieties, butterflies or moths?
6. In what sport do we use a paternoster?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Hagiography, Huguenot, Hecter, Hoydenish, Holyhock, Habitual.
8. How did the British Government acquire the Isle of Man?
9. Is it correct to speak of a flock of grouse, and if not, what would you call them?
10. Do turkeys come from Turkey?
11. By what plant is Wales represented on a 2½d. stamp?
12. What States of the U.S.A. are represented by the contractions Fla., Ga., and Ky.?

Answers to Quiz in No. 359

1. Antelope.
2. (a) A. P. Herbert, (b) Thomas Burke.
3. Swallow leaves England in autumn; others stay.
4. Otter hunting.
5. Ash (not always true).
6. 40.
7. Linoleum, Logarithm.
8. W. T. Thomson.
9. Beetle.
10. Scottish bluebells are "hare-bells" (campanulas); English bluebells are wild hyacinths.
11. No; it is tin, lead, or aluminium foil.
12. Maryland, Maine, Louisiana.

JANE



To-day's Brains Trust

AROUND the discussion table to-day we have a Peer of the Realm, a Mathematician, a prominent Clubman, and a professional Card-Player. The question is:—

There was once a man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Is it possible to devise a system of playing any of the ordinary gambling games which will guarantee a win?

Mathematician: "It is quite impossible to guarantee a win in any particular game, but it is usually possible to calculate the chances of winning."

"For instance, at baccarat the chances of a punter winning a game are a little less than a half. That is, it is always two-to-one that the bank will win."

"The punter may win a game, but if he plays a great number of times the only thing certain is that the bank will win about twice as many times as he does."

Clubman: "If that is so, why does anybody ever punt? You would think that everybody would want to run a bank, and then, of course, the game would become impossible. I suppose the common run of gamblers are not aware that their chances of winning are so small."

Card-Player: "No, I don't think habitual gamblers would stop playing just because the odds against them were heavy."

"The odds against ex-

plorers reaching the Pole have always been heavy, but this has only stimulated them to increase their efforts."

"Gamblers, as a class, are not people who 'play safe.' They like running risks, and so long as there is any chance at all of winning they'll play. They know that if they go on playing long enough they are bound to win sometimes."

Peer: "But it is an expensive hobby. You pay very heavily for the pleasure of winning little."

"I suppose most gamblers hope that their share of winning games will come early, and if that happens they fully intend to stop playing any more."

"But somehow they always break their good resolutions and start all over again."

Mathematician: "The chances that all your wins will come early in a series are very remote, though it does sometimes happen. It might happen three or four times in, say, a thousand games, but think of your losses in the other nine hundred-odd games!"

Card-Player: "But that is what the gambler never does think of. He is invariably an incurable optimist."

Clubman: "Many habitual players amuse themselves working out systems of play by which if they go on till they win a single time, will leave them with a profit. Given sufficient capital to last until that

happens, it is often difficult to find a flaw in such systems."

Mathematician: "The flaw lies in the fact that in all such systems the rate of winning is slow, and the rate of losing fast."

"The devisers of them think only in terms of sums of money, and never in rates of gain or loss. Few people who frequent gaming-houses have sufficient mathematical knowledge to appreciate the importance of this."

"In all gambling games the only person assured of a constant average profit, however small, is the banker."

Peer: "I suppose it is the same as horse-racing. The bookies make a living out of it, but nobody else does. I must say I find the figures given by the Mathematician most instructive, and should be glad to hear more of them."

Mathematician: "The chances of being dealt a winning hand in Trente et Quarante and Rouge et Noir are about 15 in 100."

"A punter's chances at Polish Bank are about 3 in 10, and in Russian Bank about 27 in 29. Russian Bank is thus a reasonably fair game, and so is Roulette, where the chances vary from about 36 in 38 to 36 in 40, according to the type of wheel used."

"That is to say, for every 36 games you win, the bank will win 38 or 40."

FAME IN A PHRASE

"WHAT'S the big idea? I mean, what's the big brainwave behind your little notion?"

If you had put this question to Arthur Askey when, quite out of the blue, he first said, "Aythang-yow!"—or George Robey, "Shur-rup!"—Jack Warner, "Veree-good, sir!"—Flanagan his immortal "Oi!"—or Enoch his plaintive "Let me tell you-oo!"—without a doubt they would have told you their little phrase had suddenly sprung to mind as they spoke.

Then listeners laughed, and laughed again. So the catchwords stuck.

There are scores of others. "Evening, cads!" "Good-by-ee"... chance words that tickled the public fancy and brought the bright boys who spoke them riches and renown.

And it's happening all the time. Big ideas in little phrases. There was H.M.S. "Biatome" in radio's one-time popular play for the Services, "Eight Bells." It was born during the "Buy at Home" campaign, and its choice meant that the music played and sung was entirely provided by British composers.

Not merely gags like these, but a name, title, even a solitary word, may mean a mint of money to the man who thinks of the right one. All the difference, in fact, between slump and success.

Take book and play titles. What a flop "Journey's End" might have been as just "The Dug-Out." Certainly it would not have run for years and fetched its fortunate father a full fifty thousand. Imagine "Alice in Wonderland" succeeding as, say, "The Phantasy of a Little Child," or "A Child's Dream."

"BORNE ON THE BREEZE." Would Edgar Wallace's best-seller have achieved 4,000,000 copies by any handle less striking than "Four Just Men"? Or "Gone with the Wind" its 3,000,000 sales for Margaret Mitchell, its fifty and more printings in some twenty languages, as well as in Braille?

Is it likely that the famous Government and other war publications would have sold in their hundreds of thousands under any but the simple, grand labels, "The Battle of Britain," "Coastal Command"?

A good title won't sell a bad play or a bad book, but it will ensure that it gets judged on its other merits. There was never a dud among Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," "Romance of Two Worlds," "Life Everlasting."

Even Barrie, despite his consistent intrinsic craftsmanship, did not disdain the aid of telling titles—"What Every Woman Knows," "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and the many others.

Even the old hands had the right idea. Shakespeare excelled at it. "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merry Wives of Windsor," charming, intriguing play-names. What others could have had the same box-office values?

Easy? Not exactly. You probably can think of several plays that failed because their titles had too little appeal to draw public interest in the first instance. And both book-sellers and play-backers know scores of cases where authors and publishers have misnamed their brain-children, to the sad disadvantage of both.

NOT WHAT THEY SAY.

One of these—"Urban Bees"—was bought by thousands of townsfolk eager for tips on honey-raising. But these enthusiastic amateurs raved when they found that the book was, instead, the tale of a renowned Roman family whose escutcheon was a bee.

Printers have bought McEwen's "On the Types," only to find that it is a book of sermons. A novel named "Moths," with nothing about them, has long been in steady demand at free libraries by young naturalists blissfully ignorant of the misnomer.

There was once a play running in London called "The Wild Duck," and although its author was the celebrated dramatist Henrik Ibsen, thousands of people tried to book seats under the impression that the production was a "light musical." As they did for T. S. Eliot's play, "Murder in the Cathedral," thinking it was a thriller.

Maurice Bensley

WANGLING WORDS—306

1. Put every one in PES and get some fruit.

2. In the following first two lines of a nursery rhyme, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Sa thiew cleef balm tillet ramy swon saw a dah sit.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CUP into TEA and then back

again into CUP, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the hidden Canadian province in: When driving a vehicle on tar I ought to go carefully. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 305

1. INviolATE.
2. Rockabye baby on the treetop.
3. HOG, hot, pot, pit, PIG, peg, leg, log, HOG.
4. M-is-sour-I.

ROUND THE WORLD

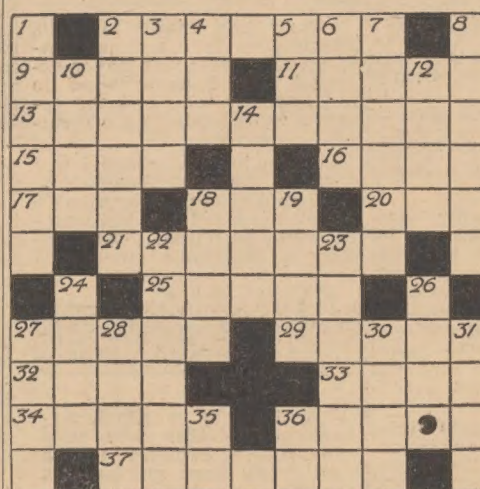
with our Roving Cameraman



HANDS UP!

It isn't the Nazi salute. It isn't an argument. It isn't a religious gesture. All these two Arabs are doing is proving to each other that the price of a commodity is too high—or too low, according to the view-point. In plain words, they are starting a discussion about a bargain to be concluded to-day, to-morrow, or sometime, perhaps never. What is time in face of a trade deal?

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Those with stamina.
- 9 Fragrance.
- 11 Hard.
- 13 Feasible.
- 15 Enclosed land.
- 16 Boy or Girl.
- 17 Observe.
- 18 Opportune.
- 20 Corded fabric.
- 21 Soldier.
- 25 Pitchers.
- 27 Red.
- 29 Dry stalks.
- 32 Sharp.
- 33 Contour.
- 34 Languished.
- 36 Bushy fence.
- 37 Cattleman.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Metal.
- 2 Mounted high.
- 3 Garment fold.
- 4 Skill.
- 5 And the rest.
- 6 Soft leather.
- 7 Bribe to do wrong.
- 8 Young animals.
- 10 Cart.
- 12 Mirth.
- 14 Statue.
- 18 Checking lever.
- 19 Pointed rocks.
- 22 Proof corrector.
- 23 Stableman.
- 24 Mathematical curves.
- 26 Pungent taste.
- 27 Cloak.
- 28 Skin.
- 30 Frees.
- 31 Space of time.
- 35 Suffice.
- 36 Pronoun.

JAG GIPSY E
UNISON TALL
TIBIA SERIF
MENDICANT
MUSE DAM MI
IS COOP RUN
R GULELESS
TWIRL GAG T
HAVE IODINE
RESEDA MOP
KEN HATRED

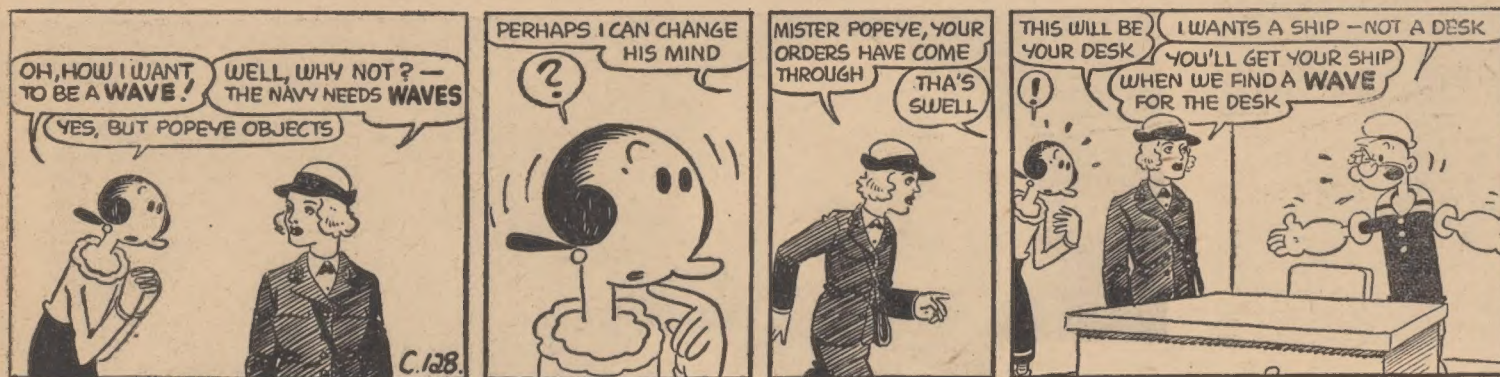
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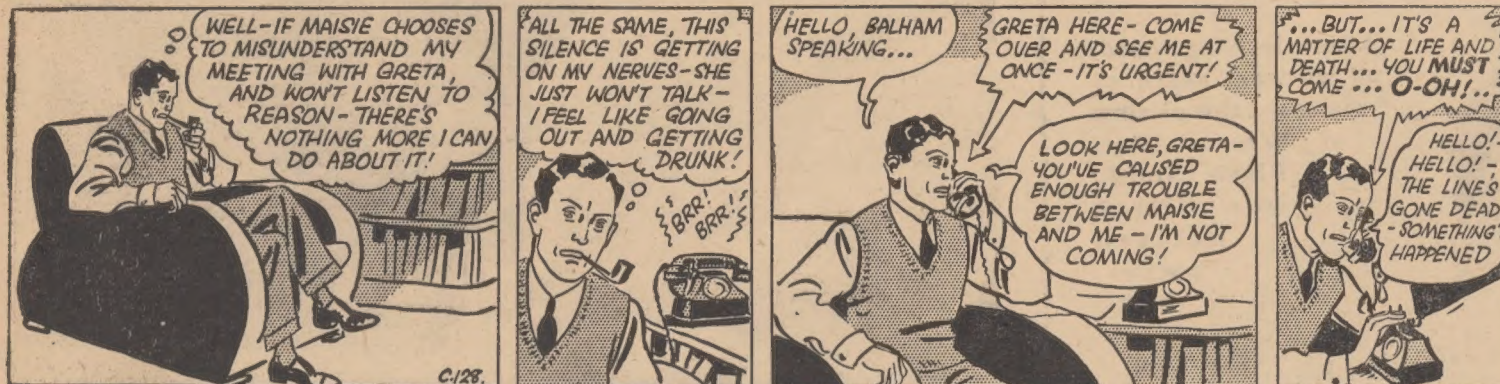
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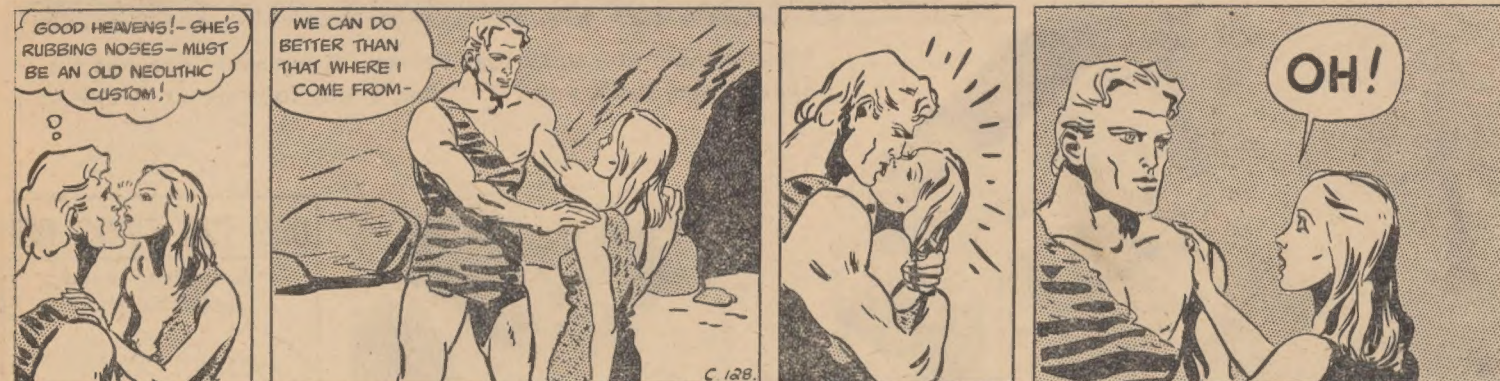
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

THERE has been a lot of sickness in the office recently, so those of us left have had to sort of muck-in and do all kinds of jobs which do not usually fall to our lot.

However, I found it made a very interesting change doing a colleague's work.

First of all I had to call on a sailor's family and get a story about how things were going. The family was that of "Admiral" Sir Orful Costive, down in the small Cotswold village of Smashing Magna.

The Costives have lived in the neighbourhood since the Battle of Hastings, but, like so many of the old aristocracy, they have had their ups and downs.

They now have their downs, judging from the small, jerry-built villa where they are hanging out.

The door was opened by the maternal grandmother, a beldame of 97. As she is very deaf and has lost all her teeth—she refuses to have a plate, as she considers false teeth new-fangled—I had some difficulty in convincing her that I was not the expected bailiff.

But the "Admiral's" wife, a charming woman of about 65, who reminded me strongly of Wallace Beery, rescued me.

I was introduced to Margery, her eldest daughter, who introduced me to her eldest daughter, who showed me her first-born, who was playing with a cockroach on the kitchen floor. This first-born, it will be seen, was the deaf old lady's great-great-grandchild.

Altogether, there were eight of Lady Costive's children present, with ten of the next generation and a couple of the following one.

Lady Costive said how much she regretted the absence of most of the younger ones (another sixteen in all), as they would have loved to talk about the "Admiral."

"Things are not what they were, don't you know? Or perhaps you do. Some people know everything," said my hostess in her delightfully chatty way.

"They never are," she went on, "do you think? Or perhaps you don't think. My husband never does. I can't see normality ever coming back; don't you agree? Perhaps you won't. Margery never agrees. I often wonder if all this so-called progress is good for the nation, don't you? Well, perhaps you do. Mother, in her lucid moments, does."

Here the old lady interrupted with remarks that sounded like Harry Hemsley's Horace.

Interpreted, they meant that she had had an egg for breakfast that morning. "My mother," explained Lady Costive, "loves eggs. Do you? Or perhaps not. Sir Orful's father, the 24th baronet, was allergic to them."

When I asked for a message for the "Admiral," Margery said that she didn't know where they would put him when he returned, owing to the fertility of the family.

Lady Orful said that she didn't know why at his age he went gadding off to the war, instead of getting on with his allotment. But sailors were like that. Didn't I think so? Though perhaps I was not allergic to sailors, like Winifred, her second daughter.

I was sorry when I had to leave this charming family, as I counted 22 of them queueing up for grub.

A NEW THEATRE.

SO many theatrical girls have joined the Land Army that it was only to be expected that there would be a movement in the opposite direction. That I found to be the case in the new repertory theatre at Oswestry, Shropshire.

There the whole of the actresses are composed of Land Girls, invalided from the W.L.A.

And a fine bunch of healthy womanhood they are, hardly one under 14 hands and weighing less than fourteen stone.

Whilst they lack all experience of the theatre, they bring refreshing enthusiasm to the work. They told me that, though they were happiest milking and muck-spreading, they did feel that they were still doing a job of national importance. And, one of them added, "the troops round about here are getting theatre-minded."

Another, in reply to my query as to whether she preferred light comedy or Shakespeare, said it didn't matter to her—she could turn her hand to anything. That is the spirit of all the girls.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAD to answer some letters, too. Here are some of the replies.

P.O. John James.—No, Johnny, I have not been in the "Ring o' Bells" since we drained all those barrels away. But I did hear from Dolly, who sends her love to the crews of the "Disastrous," "Disgusting" and "Distracting."

L. Sto. James John.—No, Jimmy, I have not been in the "Wallpapers" since we broke all the glasses that night. But I did hear that Molly wants to forget the crews of the "Ghastly," "Ghostly" and "Greasy."

O.S. Jack Jackson.—No, Jack, I have not been in the "Boosing Bullock" since the night we all slept in the public bar. But I have heard that Polly has been asking if anybody knows where she can find the crews of the "Unholy," "Unclean" and "Unwashed."

Good Morning

As gentle a scene as the soft speech of the men of "Zummerzset"—where this photo was taken.



"Nope! I've got none of them perry-scope things, but I can get beneath the surface if there's something to go for."



"Now then, you back seat driver. Keep your eye out for speed cops, can't you?" "Aw, I was looking at Alexis."

After looking hard, all we were heard to say anent this picture of Warner star, Alexis Smith, was "Nice pattern swim suit."



"I never done it—strite mister. It wasn't a fair cop sticking me behind bars."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bars ish word; jush lead me."

